COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF

HEARST'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN

SEPTEMBER 25th 1904

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THE NEAR-SIGHTED TEACHER COMES TO COMPLAIN

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1
NAW, HE ISS SO NEAR-SIGHTED HE CAN'T SEE HIMSELF IN A LOOKING GLASS!
SAY FRITZ, DO YOU THINK OUR TEACHER CAN TELL DER DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAMMA AND US?

2
DISS IS MRS. KATZENJAMMER! YESS-S-S-S? VOT?
YEP- DOT'S US

3
YOUR BOYS ISS DER WORST DT ISS IN MY SCHOOL DEY ISS SO DUMB (HAF TO BLUSH) FOR DE-
AW- DEY GOT DOT FROM DERE UNCLE!

4
IN MY TIME I HAF TEACHED THOUSANDS BUT NEVER SUCH VAGABONDS AS HANS UND FRITZ
VY YOU DONT TRY KINDNESS?

5
KINDNESS! HUMBUG! I HAF TRIED KINDNESS - BAH! MRS. KATZENJAMMER YOUR BOYS ISS BLIND TO ALL KINDNESS!
YOU SHOULD GIVE 'EM MINCE PIES
YES UND ICE CREAM

6
MRS. KATZENJAMMER IT ISS DER DUTY OF EVERY MOTHER TO FIND OUT VOT ISS DER MATTER VEN DERE BOYS ISS LIKE HANS UND FRITZ
MAYBE YOU MAKE DER POOR FELLER STUDY TOO MUCH!
YES DEY WORK TOO HARD

7
STUDY! BAH! NEVER YET HAF DEY STUDIED ONE LESSON! TO DEM I SAY- "SPELL CAT" UND DEN I GET A INK WELL ON MY NOSE - RED INK MRS KATZENJAM-MER!
VOT ISS!

8
YES - UND VOT DID DEY GET IN DER EXAMINATION, HUH? ZERO MRS. KATZENJAMMER DOT'S VOT ISS IT!

9
UND NOW REMEMBER VOT I SAID UND VEN HANS UND FRITZ COMES HOME SPEAK MIT DEM JUST LIKE A MOTHER UND SOAK 'EM ONE FOR ME!
DER LOBSTER ISS NOT YET ON!
R. DIRKS

THE HANDY MAN FROM TIMBUCTOO

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1. One day when Joe the Chinaman strolled down the avenue,
Two wicked little rascals seized him rudely by the queue.

2. They pulled it hard, and then with merry shouts ran up the road,
And left the Chinaman in pain beside his fallen load.

3. Those little imps, however, had hardly run a block
When both of them experienced a most terrific shock.

4. The Handy Man walked sternly up and grasped them by the hair;
The Tiger smiled, as if to say, "Well, turnabout is fair."

5. And then the Tiger stretched himself upon the walk full length
And tossed them up like rubber balls with all his giant strength.

6. And when the Tiger finished, the boys, of course, felt sore,
But after that they never bothered people any more.

THE LOVE OF LULU AND LEANDER

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1. LULU: I'm glad you came Charley. Three playing is much more interesting"
CHARLEY: "Yes; we'll have a great time."
LEANDER: "I'll make him look like thirty cents with my bowling."

2. LULU: "Charley, you bowl first. I'm sure you must be a wonderful bowler."
CHARLEY ONTHESPOT: "Just as you say, Lulu."
LEANDER (aside): "Go ahead, you lobster. My time will come."

3. CHARLEY ONTHESPOT: "W-E-O-O-O-O-W!"
LULU: "O-o-o-h! Charley's fingers are crushed!"
LEANDER (aside) "Serves him right. This is MY day."

4. LULU: "Poor, poor, boy! You had better go right to the doctor's."
CHARLEY ONTHESPOT: "No, I'll wait here until you have finished."
LEANDER (aside): Just listen to her slopping over his miserable fingers."

5. LULU: "Now, Leander, you start the game."
CHARLEY: "Yes, old man; see how many you can down with the first ball."
LEANDER (aside): "I'll open their eyes! I'll make him look cheap."

6. LEANDER: "W-E-O-O-P! W-E-O-O-W!"
LULU: "Oh! Leander is killed! Oh, why weren't you more careful?"
CHARLEY: "He didn't put any chalk on his feet, that's it."

7. LEANDER "Oh, oh, oh! I've sprained my ankle! I can't get up!"
LULU: "Oh, Leander, I'm SO sorr: But why weren't you more careful?"
LIEUTENANT SHARPNEL: "Why, w at is all this? What is the matter?"

8. LIEUTENANT SHARPNEL: "It looks like a case for the hospital corps. Why, certainly, Miss Lulu, I will be delighted to roll a few games with you."
LULU: "Oh, Lieutenant, how kind of you."

9. LULU: "Charley, you see that he gets home all right and call a physician."
Now, Lieutenant, I'm ready."
LEANDER (aside): "Great Green Eyed Monster!"

THAT EUROPEAN TRIP OF MONTMORENCY HOOLIGAN'S

He Came Within a Hair's-Breadth of Sailing, But——

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MY DOCTOR SAYS I MUSTNT RUN
YOUSE CANT MISS IT THIS TIME, MONTY
HURRY DEAR BOYS!- I CAN JUST BARELY CATCH THE BOAT
1
WOOZY BILL IS LOOSE
SANITARIUM
THERE GOES NAPOLEON BONAPARTE WITH A HAND BAG
STEAMERS TO EUROPE
2
NUTTY
LEGGO ME BROTHER, HELL MISS DE STEAMER
HAIL NAPOLEON DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE OLD GUARD!
ALL ABOARD
3
HOLD HIM
THERE GOES THE BOAT. MONTY'S TRIP IS OFF
GO AWAY BASE VARLET. I AM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA
4
NUTTY, NUTTY
COME ON BILL, LIKE A GOOD FELLER
I'VE FOUND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
5
ISNT NAPOLEON LOOKING WELL?
SURE
HEY BETTER TAKE MY BROTHERS ALONG
HEAVENS, WHAT WILL THE DUKE SAY!
ME STOMACH HOITS
6
F. Opper

DEAR, CUTE LITTLE KATY!!!

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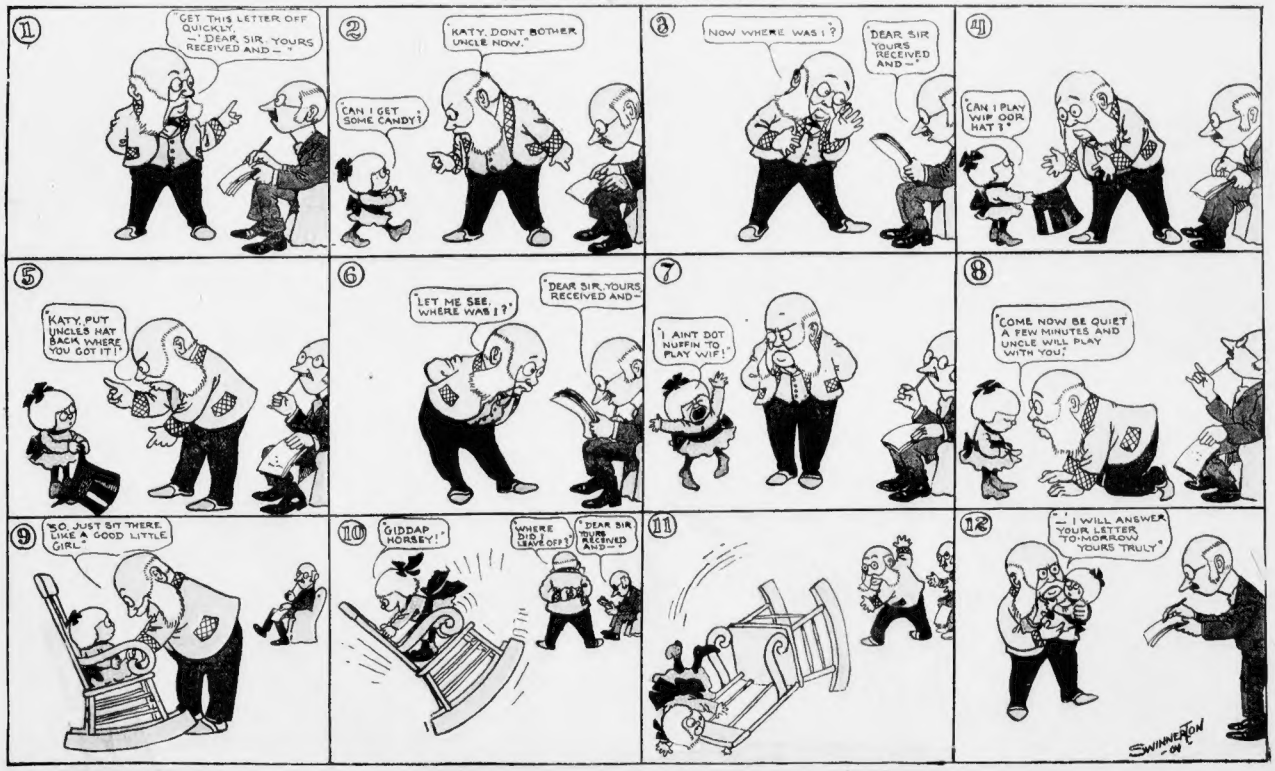
11
GET THIS LETTER OFF QUICKLY -"DEAR SIR, YOURS RECEIVED AND -"
2
KATY, DONT BOTHER UNCLE NOW."
"CAN I GET SOME CANDY?
3
NOW WHERE WAS I?
DEAR SIR YOURS RECEIVED AND -"
4
"CAN I PLAY WIF OOR HAT?"
5
"KATY, PUT UNCLES HAT BACK WHERE YOU GOT IT!"
6
"LET ME SEE, WHERE WAS I?"
"DEAR SIR, YOURS RECEIVED AND-"
7
"I AINT DOT NUFFIN TO PLAY WIF!"
8
"COME NOW BE QUIET A FEW MINUTES AND UNCLE WILL PLAY WITH YOU."
9
"SO, JUST SIT THERE, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL."
10
"GIDDAP, HORSEY!"
WHERE DID I LEAVE OFF?
"DEAR SIR YOURS RECEIVED AND -"
11
12
"-" I WILL ANSWER YOUR LETTER TO-MORROW YOURS TRULY"
SWINNERTON '04

JIMMY—HE RUNS FOR THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

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AND HER NAME WAS MAUD!

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(To be Continued Next Sunday)

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The Bible Story of Joseph

Illustrated by Tissot The Great Religious Painter

The last three of the nine paintings by the distinguished French artist, of which the preceding six have already been reproduced on these pages.

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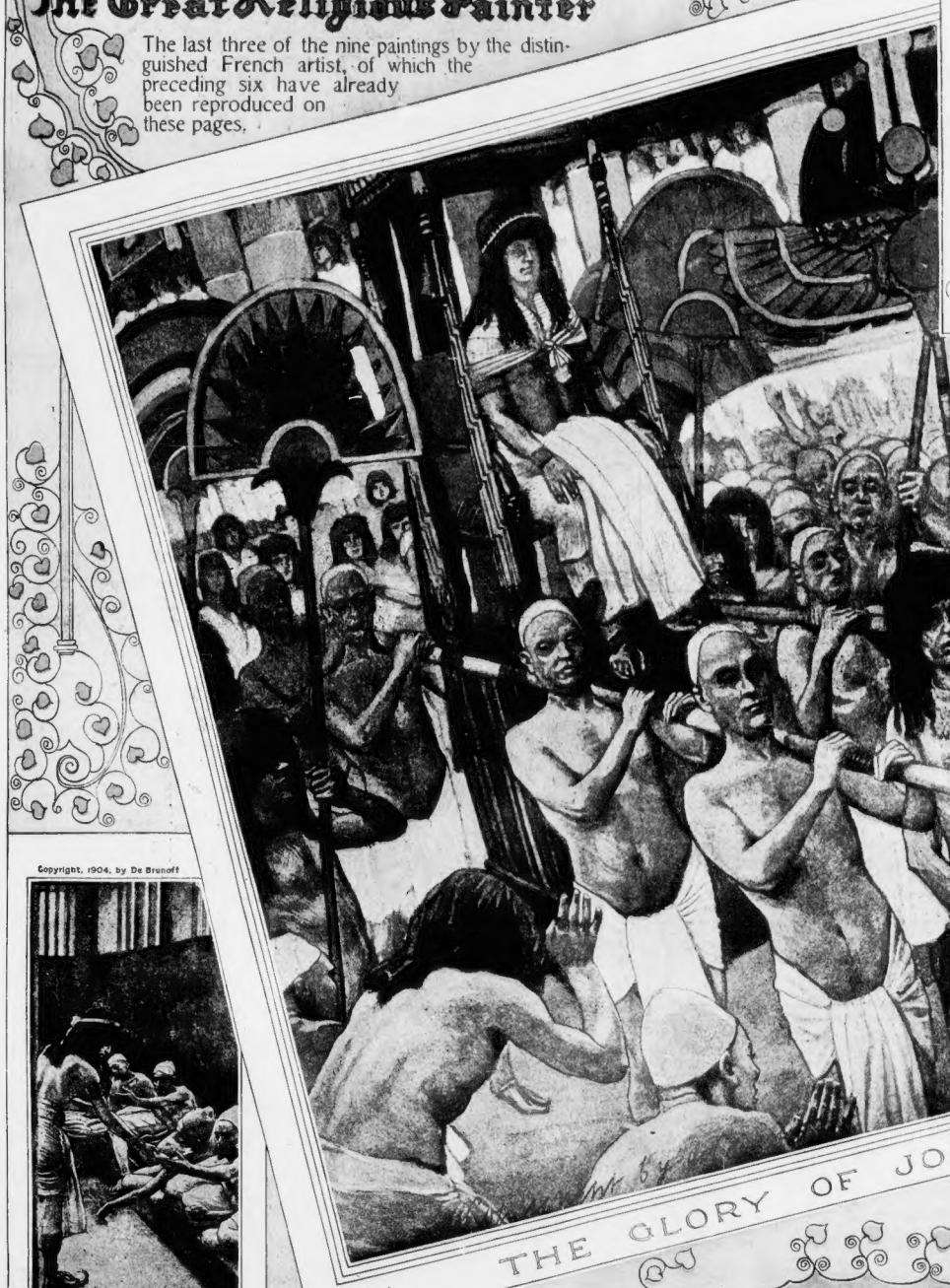
(7) JOSEPH THE YOUTH.



(8) THE GLORY OF JOSEPH

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(9) JOSEPH DISTRIBUTING BREAD IN PRISON.

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The New Fall Fabrics and Colors; the Short Velvet Coat of Paquin and One of the Long Coats of Callot---Imitation Sealskin the Fur Fad of the Season.

THERE is something very interesting in the way of startling changes in the appears in pretty shades and in a bluish in the new materials which are cut and style of garments quite the great consumption that might be termed pearbrought out each season especially set departure from last season's modes. ★ race line, for it shows both blue and green in the Fall—and in watching the manner in a tight-fitting long coat, which comes in plaid, checks and flecked effects. Green, in which the public rushes after some quite to the bottom of the skirt and on however, is not one of the leading Fall special color, or colors, to the exclusion finely covers the gown—and with it forced colors in dress goods.

B—Short velvet coat, after Paquin, with cloth skirt to match.

C—Long velvet coat, after Callot, with cloth skirt to match.

A — The new long coat-dress of Paquin

MRS. OSBORN SAYS: "THE NEW COAT-DRESS IS THE SMARTEST FALL NOVELTY."

MRS. OSBORN

of others. This Fall the one great magnet, so far as color is concerned, seems to be a tint called onion brown, and which the shops say they cannot supply in sufficient quantities to meet the popular demand. This color is supposed to represent that of the dry husk of a ripe onion, and it makes a thin woman look like a streak of Autumn sunlight and a fat one like an over-ripe pumpkin. It appears principally in broadcloth, silk and velvets.

Pretty much all the shades of brown are shown in new Fall colors and also a sort of prune color that is very dark and verges into seal brown. American Beauty red is one of the very new colors and is a lovely shade of red that is quite of the rose or peach order.

Drab shades, mauve, and clear, bright blues are also liberally shown in new Fall goods, and all these have a following.

There seems to be a fancy for dotted and plaid effects in dress goods and silks, and polka dots vary both in size and style, being on the ring order, the stuffed button type and plain and ombre effects in colors that contrast with that of the suite to be decorated. These dots are usually of silk upon both plain and mixed wool materials and are seen in velvet upon silk. As novelty goods they promise to have quite a following.

Plaids, too, come in for their share of attention this season. We have had one-color schemes in dress for some time past, and for two seasons colors have been growing stronger and more pronounced in tone until now they bourgeon out like the foliage upon mountain tops in frosty weather, in brilliant splashes of color.

This promises to be distinctly a color season, and with bright colors one is sure to find plaids. The most striking costumes exhibiting plaids are the velvet coats shown in Paris, in which a plain skirt of a contrasting color is worn. This conveys better than most things could the decided changes we are to have in color combinations. Last Winter we would have thought such a contrast and combination horrid. This Winter we look up it as smart.

There seems a popular rush for broadcloth and mixed goods with dots, but of course certain materials are picked out by those who like exclusive gowns, and among these are velvets. Indeed, Liberty velvet is being seen everywhere in new Fall gowns in Paris, and will be—together with velvet—a leading material in New York during the months to come. The chiffon and crinkly and fancy velvets of last season have been relegated to the waste basket by the well-dressed woman, and it may appear one may be sure they were not selected by any woman who knows what she should wear. Dots and plaids and checks, however, will be quite prominent in velvet, and the velvet which comes in long, silky lines and falls in the rich folds which painters love will be the kind most affected. The clear, high lights and soft shadows in velvet are becoming to most women, and there is always something refined looking in a well-made velvet gown. Silk occupys a position of prominence among Fall materials, and new weaves and tints of color appear in these which quite justify their vogue.

combines into a coat and gown, in one, and calls a Redingote. Callot also brings out this new garment, with its edge nearly reaching to the bottom of the dress skirt, while Paquin makes it cover the bottom of the skirt entirely. The illustration shown is Paquin's model, and although it is a wrap it has all the appearance of a gown as well. In illustration A, the Paquin coat, it will be observed that the upper part of the garment quite fits the figure and has a rolled collar and wide top to the sleeve with a gradual slope to a fitted lower sleeve portion. The bottom is trimmed as a skirt would be with bead bands of trimming, except that more latitude is employed in the trimming materials used upon a dress skirt.

Separate loose coats of velvet are shown by Callot. These come several inches below the waist line and are suggested by the coats worn in the time of Louis XIII. Many of the new gowns have ideas embodied in them taken from that period.

Liberty velvet in all colors is worn largely in place of cloth, except, of course, for utility dresses.

The greatest novelty of the season in fur is the imitation sealskin, which is more attractive than the real seal and half the price. This is being used in many of the smart models of new Fall gowns.

Green has not lost its followers, and it

There is no great change in the shape and sizes of sleeves.

Beer is still trying to introduce the crinoline, but no one is following his lead. The fullness of the skirts for Fall and Winter wear is quite sufficient to offset the breadth of the sleeves which appear with them, and there is a marked aversion to the ungraceful lines of the crinoline on the part of enlightened American women.

Paquin has another new style of wrap for this season. It is a tight-fitting basque coat of velvet, worn with a cloth skirt of the same color.

Every one agrees that this will be a Winter of extravagance in the use of dress materials, and it is fortunate that these come in such wide widths in some of the most expensive goods, otherwise many women could not afford to wear them. Skirts are growing wider until one wonders just when the limit will be reached, and quaint old styles are revived in bodices and sleeves with just a modern touch here and there.

Women often claim that we are wearing "exactly the same" bodices that were worn at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. If these women only possessed a few of those old bodices they would realize what a mistake they make. The backs consisted of lots of little narrow, straight pieces which scarcely curved as they passed over the waist line, and the decolletage was so low that no woman now would wear one without draperies of lace above the low-cut bodice. The slender, pointed fitted effect at the waist line is practically the same, and a general outline of the old cut is preserved with newer and fuller curves and fewer seams than of old. Sometimes the old sleeve is reproduced in fac-simile, with its fitted upper portion and full elbow ruffles, but more often modern touches are added to the old sleeves and sleeves of different periods are used. There is quite a partiality to puffed Elizabethan sleeves. Judging from Fall models that are shown, but Paris can plume itself upon the revival of a number of French styles copied from the reigns of the Louises and the Empire modes.

The velvets and broadcloths which are being made up into smart new frocks to be donned just as soon as the weather permits are so soft and beautiful of finish that even crepe could scarcely fall in more graceful folds. The stiffness which once characterized these materials is wanting, and picturesqueness and charm of outline are sought.

A decided change from the plain colors worn last season are the checks and plaids of this. They are seldom in the blind patterns, but show marked contrasts, such as brown and white and black and white checks. Combined with these checks are seen polka dots and button effects in deep brown, red, black or other colors, and these add still another color contrast to the weave of the material. There are seen a number of more or less heavy dress goods of the flecked and shot varieties, much like the goods used in making up men's clothes, only these are distinguished by embroidered polka dots, large in size and in such sharp contrasts as green upon light gray; red, black and ombre disks upon grounds of sombre tint, and sometimes a shadow of a plaid is etched in the weave by occasional black and white threads, more suggestive than distinct in pattern.

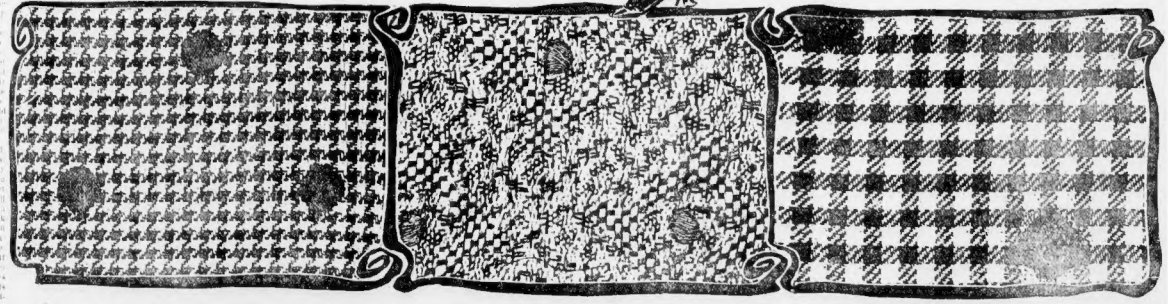
These materials give opportunities for mingling plain with fancy goods, and many people like this style of combination in a gown.

One definite fact has been established, and that is that we are not likely to have any blousy, droopy or hanging draperies in clothes this season. Clothes will fit from the bodice of a dress to the wrap which covers it, no matter how fluffy the shoulder and sleeve accessories may be.

In figures B and C are shown illustrations of the long and short velvet coats shown in Paris, and in each case the skirts are of cloth.

There is a general tendency in these coats to show a vest effect; in the case of the short coat with a real vest, and in that of the long one with cloth-faced revers.

Josef Weilson Osborn



Black and white check with red silk embroidered disks. Gray and white shot goods with green silk polka dots and plaid plaid. Brown and white check, brown button effects.

Interesting Reasons Why You Should Make a Friend of Your Wife.

IF a man has a good wife he has the best friend it is possible to have. "A man's best friend," says Bulwer Lytton, "is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him."

A woman there is at once a subtle depository of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in a man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, reputations than your male friend. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious in her friendliness by clipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. If he says anything there would have been no hoarding up of silly she will affectionately tell him so, orange peel, no toppling all the posts in if he declares that he will do something walking along the streets, no sailing and absurd she will find means to prevent him drinking with disgusting voracity.

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Their Strange Penance Ordered by the Pope

Princess Alice (Eloping Wife) and Prince Frederick (Cruel Husband) on an 800-mile Pilgrimage, Barefoot, on Bread and Water, and Giving Alms to the Poor as Atonement for Their Wickedness.

Berlin, Sept. 16.

THE sequel of a notorious royal scandal, elopement and divorce suit is a public penance that takes one back to the ages of faith and chivalry.

The pilgrimage to Rome in progress at the moment and undertaken by the Prince and Princess Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg will surely rank as the most picturesque performance of many a year. They are walking from this city to Rome to do penance for their sin in obtaining a civil divorce in spite of the fact that they were indissolubly united by the holy sacrament of the church. The penance is ordered by the Pope himself, who married the couple and takes a peculiar interest in the case. The Prince and Princess are wearing a penitential dress, consisting of rough brown clothes of similar material to the gowns worn by the mendicant friars. They wear no linen. They go barefooted and bareheaded. They must wear no jewelry. Every day of their journey they must pray for pardon and give alms at the shrine of a saint, provided they are able to reach one, and rarely if ever will it happen that they cannot do so. They are stopping at the humblest inns and engaging the poorest lodgings at them. They eat very plain food, taking meat but once a day, that much being necessary by the great fatigue of their pilgrimage. They may drink no wine. They must help the poor, nurse the sick, and accept no attentions that may be offered to them or even comport with persons of their own rank. Of course, it will be understood that they must indulge in no demonstrations of affection until their penance is completed and they have been fully pardoned by the Church at Rome.

The Princess Alice and the Coachman She Ran Away With.

GAPED AT BY TOURISTS.

A large part of their pilgrimage of 800 miles will be through Catholic countries where the simple peasantry will not gape with vulgar curiosity at this act of piety, but when they pass through towns frequented by English and American tourists they will undoubtedly suffer severely. They have been especially enjoined to act humbly towards all men and women.

They are avoiding the large cities of Saxony, but they must pass through Weissen, where the Prince's ancestral estates are situated. They will then pass on through Bavaria, visiting the ancient shines of Nuremburg, Ratisbon and Augusburg, but avoiding Munich. The walking will be very severe, for a large part of the way lies through the mountains. They will walk through the Austrian Tyrol and thence enter into northern Italy. Owing to the roughness of the way, it is not likely they can make more than ten miles a day, and this means that they cannot complete the journey in much less than three months. On their arrival in Rome they will spend three days in prayer and penance and then having expressed their repentance and offered proof that the late divorce proceedings have been withdrawn, they will receive the sacrament and be formally pardoned and reconciled by the Pope himself.

It is only reasonable to believe that if this pilgrimage is to be carried out in the right spirit, the Prince and Princess will be at the end of it healthy in body, purified in spirit and altogether better than they have ever been before.

PRINCESS ELOPES WITH HER COACHMAN.

The Princess was formerly the Princess Alice de Bourbon, youngest daughter of Don Carlos de Bourbon, legitimist Pretender to the throne of Spain. She is a very pretty and attractive woman, but has inherited the erratic temperament that is rampant in her family. In 1897 she fell violently in love with the Prince Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg, a member of a mediatized princely family, having right of equality of birth (ebenburtigkeit) with reigning families in Germany and Austria. The Prince was apparently very much in love, for although belonging to a historic Protestant family he became a Catholic to win his wife. They were married at Venice, where Don Carlos has a palace, by Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, now Pope Pius X. The conversion of the Prince was celebrated as a notable event at that time. The Prince's father was so furious at his renunciation of his religion that he cut off all support, while Don Carlos, a most despicable character, not only gave his daughter nothing, but withheld the money left her by her dead mother. A few years of living from hand to mouth disgusted them with love and they separated. In 1901 the Princess went with the allied forces to Pekin as a nurse in the Russian Red Cross Society. Her brother, Don Jaime de Bourbon, was serving as an officer in the Russian army, and being wounded was nursed by his sister.

On her return, the Prince's old father, somewhat affected by her own father's failure to care for her, offered her a home at his castle of Gauernitz, near Weissen, in Saxony. In a short time she again quarrelled with her husband and in November, 1903, she shocked European royalty by eloping from Gauernitz with a coachman named Emilio Materni. A circumstantial story was given out authorized by the Schoenburg-Waldenburg family that she had been in love with the coachman for a year or more and that she had become furiously jealous when he was married to a girl of his own class.

The Princess went to Spain, Italy, the coachman disappeared and she indignantly denied that he had ever been more than a useful servant to her. With such an erratic and emotional creature as this Princess it is hard to tell how far she was really guilty.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS DIVORCED

After some negotiations she went back last year to Dresden to conduct divorce proceedings. Each side accused the other of infidelity, and the Princess further said that when they were first married she had to lock her husband in his room and take away his clothes in order to keep him from running into foolish extravagances. She was then the only one who had any money. A Prince who cannot keep his own clothes certainly seems little fitted to be a leader of men. The court granted a divorce, but the grounds were not made public. It had, of course, no validity as a dissolution of the marriage in the eyes of the Church.

The Pope not only refused to annul the marriage on any ground, but reproved the Princess very severely for her conduct in obtaining the civil divorce. He wrote her a letter very severe yet fatherly.

"Your conduct," he said, "as a member of the first Catholic family in Europe is peculiarly sinful and must lead to unspeakable harm. You can never expect my pardon if you persist in this course. Think, moreover, of your innocent child."

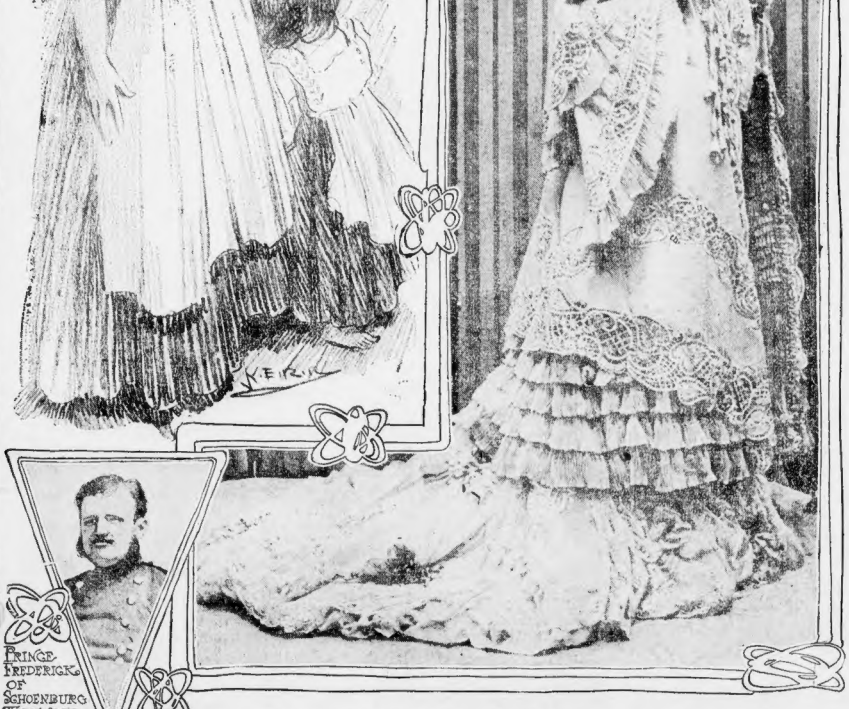
The Princess, who has always been very religious, was touched by this rebuke and sought a reconciliation with her husband. He, too, showed that his religion was sincere, and they both consulted the Pope again, with the result that the present penance was arranged.

THREE ERRATIC BOURBON PRINCESSES.

To the student of history this penance will suggest many of the most dramatic episodes of the early Middle Ages, when the Papacy settled all the affairs of kings. It will suggest King John of England doing homage to the Pope for his crown, King Henry II. going in sackcloth and ashes scourging himself at the shrine of Thomas-a-Becket, and the Emperor Henry IV. waiting in the snow outside the castle of Canossa and laying his crown at the Pope's feet. Many relics of mediaeval religious customs linger in the Catholic countries of Europe, especially in Austria, where on Ash Wednesday of every year the Emperor washes the feet of twelve poor old men.

It is impossible to consider the Princess's matrimonial career without referring to the astonishing episodes in which her sisters and various other members of her family have figured. One sister, the Princess Elvira de Bourbon ran away with a married Italian painter named Polshi and has lived with him in a Bohemian fashion all over Europe. Another sister, the Princess Beatrice, who is married to Prince Massino, of the famous Russian family, threw herself in evening dress and all her jewels from a bridge into the Tiber, but was rescued by her husband. The Princess Alice of Schoenburg-Waldenburg was an intimate friend of the unhappy Crown Princess of Saxony, who ran away with her children's tutor, M. Giron. The husband of one was the son of the King of Saxony, while the husband of the other was the King's principal subject. The two women had exchanged long confidences on the misery of being mated to uncongenial husbands. Now they have learned further lessons on the folly of breaking the fundamental laws of morality and society.

The erratic behavior of the Bourbon Princesses must be associated with the character of their father, Don Carlos, the legitimate head of the House of Bourbon. His own conduct has been beyond description, and an accurate account of his career at Venice could not be printed. His peculiar failing is the reason why he is not now on the throne of Spain. When the whole of the north of Spain was in arms for his side and winning victories, he allowed the chance of success to slip while he was dallying in the lap of luxury. The same peculiarity was observable in his cousin, Queen Isabella of Spain. An unmistakable stigma of moral degeneracy marks this family. Don Carlos is a rival in bad eminence of King Leopold of Belgium. He even matches that King in withholding from his daughters their mother's fortune.



The Princess Alice of Bourbon, Daughter of Don Carlos, Who Eloped from Her Husband's Palace in Dresden Last November With Her Coachman.

PRINCE FREDERICK OF SCHOENBURG WALDENBURG.

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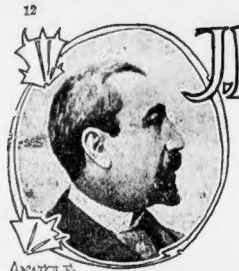
J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S DREAM



ANATOLE FRANCE

An Imaginary Episode of the Great American Money King, and a Warning from the Archangel Michael to Repent.

Written by

M. Anatole France, the Distinguished French Essayist.

(To give living force to the moral lesson of the following Parable, the distinguished French essayist, M. Anatole France, has selected J. Pierpont Morgan as the most conspicuous example of the modern American Money King, thinly disguising the well-known character under the name of "Mr. Smith."]

Paris, Sept. 17, 1904.

I.—Smith of Wall Street.

MR. SMITH, the great American banker, spent most of his waking hours in Wall Street, loaning out money to bulls and bears, investing with emperors, kings and high priests—he would have dealt with the devil himself if the latter had been able to offer collateral not previously mortgaged to the Standard Oil.

Mr. Smith's chief characteristic was boldness and distrust; the one enabled him to outdistance competition, the other to avoid the snares laid by those jealous of his success. He had gathered enormous riches, and in doing so had beggared hundreds of thousands of his fellow citizens. But, as the unsuccessful do not count in America, the wail of his victims did not mar Mr. Smith's universal popularity.

When not living on his yacht, large enough to carry 500 people across the ocean, or in one of his country houses that, with its surrounding parks and gardens, occupied the space of a thousand family cottages, he dwelt in a vast metropolitan palace, well guarded inside and out. It has gates like a fortress and walls of the thickness of bridge towers, while its lower windows are grated like those of a prison. And this is well, for the enormously rich should live in cages in order to defend with might what they have gained by craftiness and stratagem.

The interior of the palace was beautiful beyond description. The fame of the pictures, statues and other objects of art brought together under the copper roof was worldwide. The many thousands whom the financier had despoiled might well be proud of the use their money had been put to, as the foremost painters, sculptors, workers in precious metals, marbles, silks, gold lace and a hundred other things had been laid under contribution to make Mr. Smith's home one in a million. Italy boasts of no finer frescoes, no more valuable tapestries are found in Paris, Constantinople or Smyrna; and, oh, the appeals to virtue and righteousness beckoning from wall and ceiling and cornices! We find there the counterfeits of all the chaste women of the Old and the New Testaments, of all the patriarchs, prophets and kings who acquired reputation for wisdom, heroism or uprightness.

Advertising Generosity.—But as only the favored few are entitled to visit his collections Mr. Smith was obliged to give further evidence of wealth to prove to the masses the unlimitedness of his resources.

To this end he built the most perfectly equipped and most liberally endowed hospital the world ever saw.

There people are cured, or killed, by the very latest surgical machinery, while the most up-to-date experts shout their own praises and point to pictures and statuary on the walls commemorating uplifting scenes from Mr. Smith's life—not his life in Wall street or on his yacht, by the way.

Affects Religion.—And finally Mr. Smith discovered that he was a truly religious man; hence his gifts to churches. He raised mortgages for his church and gave plots of ground. The church was not ungrateful. They hung his picture in the choir, mustache, double-barrelled watch, chain and all.

II.—Mr. Smith, Politics and the People.

Financier, patron of art and of the church, Mr. Smith was also somewhat of a politician. Not that he ever ran for office—his statesmanship was of a more subtle kind. He was hand and glove with the administrators of the laws, and they did him the favor to ignore certain statutes while refusing to amend the existing bad laws.

Was Mr. Smith a hard man? Perhaps not. He merely did not know, or did not want to know, the condition of the poor, nor troubled he about the fate of the workmen involved in his industrial speculations.

To sum up, he lived for himself, and by himself, not caring who got hurt, and whatever happened to those on the wrong side of the market, or to the toilers deprived of a portion of their wage by his master strokes of high finance, Smith was not the less esteemed.

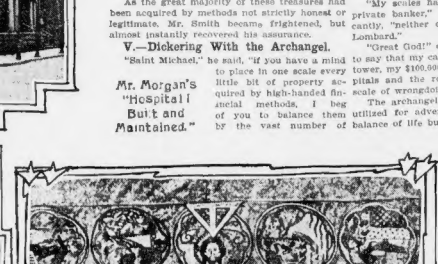
One night it happened that Mr. Smith had to return on foot to his city palace. His $25,000 automobile had been worsted in an encounter with a trolley car belonging to one of his financial antagonists—Mr. Gould, I believe. The rude vehicle for the common herd not only put the multi-millionaire's smoke-car out of business it also incapacitated his chauffeur and two bodyguards from further attending him. They had to be taken to a hospital, and Mr. Smith, for the first time in ten years or more, walked the remaining distance to his home by himself, like a simple clerk or wholesale merchant, he thought to himself.

III.—Poor Asking for Bread.

As he was within twenty paces from his own door a mob of pale women and children accosted him, crying that they were hungry because some great corporation had locked out their husbands or fathers. Mr. Smith protested that he had nothing below a $500 bill in his pocket, not even some small gold change fives or tens. Much as he would like to, he could not help them—they ought to see it themselves But the women and children had no mind for reasoning. They crowded around Mr. Smith, pulled his sleeves, yelled in

Mr. Morgan's New York Palace Beyond Description."

Interior of St. George's Church, Where Mr. Morgan Is a "Vestryman and Large Supporter."



Mr. Morgan's "Hospitall Built and Maintained."

H s Yacht, "Large Enough to Carry 500 People."

The Stolen Cope, One of Mr. Morgan's "Objects of Art of World-Wide Fame."

his ears and seemed altogether determined not to let him go without a substantial contribution.

When the "riot" was at its height Mr. Smith saw a baker's wagon drive There was succor for him. "Follow up at the delivery gates of his palace. me," he cried, and hastily repaired to the cart, which was opened at his bidding. He saw at a glance that the baker had brought the supply for his household of servants, so many loaves for 120 men and women.

Mr. Smith laid his, gold-headed, diamond-studded walking cane on the curtail and began handing out the loaves to his pursuers; and the clamor being great, he worked harder at this charitable business than he had ever worked before and did not stop until the wagon was empty, when most of the hungry women and children carried two or three loaves in their arms.

IV.—Mr. Smith's Dream.

That night Mr. Smith dreamed he suffered a stroke of paralysis, dying so suddenly that he was still in his $10,000 bed when the Archangel Michael appeared. In his hand the saint held a pair of scales, and Smith perceived that Michael intended to weigh his past life in the balance, for on one of the trays he recognised certain jewels, pledges and securities in the keeping of his firm.

As the great majority of these treasures had been acquired by methods not strictly honest or legitimate, Mr. Smith became frightened, but almost instantly recovered his assurance.

V.—Dickering With the Archangel.

"Saint Michael," he said, "if you have a mind to place in one scale every little bit of property acquired by high-handed financial methods, I beg of you to balance them by the vast number of benefits I bestowed upon worthy objects and people. Think of the many contributions I made to churches, hospitals and charitable institutions of all kinds. I remind you of the 300-foot tower of Saint James and of the cathedral I built with my good money at Park City. Also go over the list of mortgages I raised for indigent congregations. When I was alive the newspapers were forever reporting on my charities, while clergymen all over the country praised me as a benefactor in the pulpit and out."

"Rest assured," replied the archangle, "not a single deed that redounds to your credit shall be forgotten."

VI.—Spectacular Deeds Not Appreciated.

And with his strong, white hand Michael grasped St. James' Tower and Park City dome and placed them in the opposite scale, together with many thousandweights of wiped-out mortgages. But the tray containing Mr. Smith's financial jugglerles continued to hug the bottom and the banker got frightened.

"Dear Saint Michael," begged Mr. Smith, "be so good as to pile on a few more good deeds of mine. What about that hospital I built and maintained? It cost me a round million; surely that ought to offset those dividends for preferred stock."

The hospital was added to steeple and cathedral, but the scale of good deeds still hung high in the air.

"Let me search my memory," groaned Mr. Smith. "I am sure there were other things I gave away for the greater glory of God and His church. Ah, throw in the several pews I furnished to many churches for myself and family. Finest mahogany, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold bronze, they ought to weigh a ton each at least. Again, there are the statues and pictures I presented to various congregations, wagon loads of them, and all by first-class artists. I recall, in particular, a very large canvas that cost me $100,000. And the church where I am vestryman and a large supporter!"

Saint Michael piled them on, pictures, sculptures, pews and all, yet the balance tongue kept pointing to the wrong side.

The cold sweat broke out all over Mr. Smith's body. "Archangel," he gasped at last, in desperation, "are you sure that your scales are right?"

"My scales have never seen the office of a private banker," replied Saint Michael significantly, "neither do they bear the hallmark of Lombard."

"Great God!" cried Mr. Smith, "do you mean to say that my cathedral, my three-hundred-foot tower, my $100,000 paintings, statues, pews, hospitals and the rest are insufficient to lift the scale of wrongdoing even a hair's breadth?"

The archangel looked serious. "Good works utilized for advertising purposes influence the balance of life but slightly," he said. "It is not my fault that your evil deeds weigh so heavy.

"Then it seems that I must go to perdition," cried Mr. Smith, his teeth chattering and every limb shaking.

"It is not as bad as all that," quoth the Archangel, "for I have just come across some real good deeds you performed. See here." And Saint Michael held up one of the loaves of bread that Mr. Smith had given away in the evening. When he laid this on top of the pews, the balance tongue for the first time showed an upward tendency, and kept moving in the right direction as long as the archangel continued to pile on the 12½ staffs of life.

When the last loaf was added to the rest the scales balanced perfectly.

Mr. Smith could scarcely believe his eyes. "You see," said Saint Michael, "your time had not yet come. You are neither fit for Heaven nor destined for the other place. Therefore, return to New York and multiply your unostentatious charities, such as you performed last evening. Remember, the Almighty cannot be enjoled by edifices and painted canvas, or gold and silver —things that are like sand in His eyes. He demands that the sinner become reconciled to those he wronged. Go now and tell your rich brethren that the loaves you gave away to hungry women and children weighed heavier in the balance than your cathedral and towers and statues, for God's charity is infinite."

ANATOLE FRANCE.

J. Pierpont Morgan.

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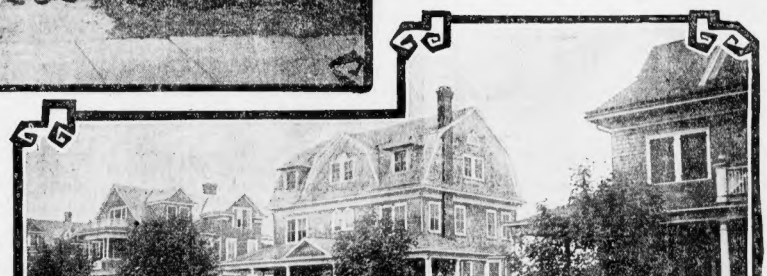
How Mr. Lambert "Got Even" With His Neighbor

Rented His Fine Cottage on Fashionable Morris Avenue, Long Branch, to a Negro for a "Nigger Boardin' House," to Pay off a Grudge Against the Family Living Next Door.

"The horrid creatures mean us. You've noticed how observant they are. Let us go in."

A Group of Colored Boarders Photographed on the Lawn of the Lambert "Spite Cottage."



A View of Fashionable Morris Avenue, Long Branch, with the Lambert Cottage in the Centre—Now a Negro Boarding House—Neighbor McKenna's Cottage on the Right and the Cottage He Rents on the Left.

THE mysterious influence which continues to permit a negro boarding house to flourish in "the choicest and most aristocratic section of Long Branch," is at last revealed.

For weeks past transient visitors to that pleasant and eminently respectable haunt of Summer cottage dwellers have marvelled to see a house and broad lawn full of rollicking, banjo-playing colored citizens of both sexes set down in Morris avenue, where the haughtiest beauties of Long Branch dwell and pursue their Summer pleasures. What property owner could be so short-sighted?

Inside of ten days one high-priced cottage adjacent to the negro colony was vacated by indignant tenants, and all along this "high-toned" avenue cherished Summer homes are being offered for sale at a sacrifice. But the banjo still twangs joyously, and lusty voices still carol, "Way down in my heart I've a feelin' for you," on the veranda of the social plague spot, with an accompaniment of bark and wing dancing on the lawn.

And when the secret is explained it spells revenge—the revenge of C. S. Lambert, of Washington, upon Thomas McKenna, who owns and occupies the cottage next door, and who sold this one to Mrs. Lambert.

Thomas McKenna, who is a lawyer, owns much property in the Morris avenue section of Long Branch. Last Spring Mrs. Lambert was looking for a Summer home. At Long Branch she was attracted by the vacant cottage next to that occupied by Mr. McKenna. Mr. McKenna was willing to sell it to her. The price seemed reasonable and Mrs. Lambert was willing to buy. She did not know very much about business, but she paid the price and was also got a deed duly signed and registered. She was satisfied.

McKenna Didn't Mention Mortgage.

When Mr. Lambert saw the house he liked it. They moved in. Weeks passed and they congratulated themselves on their purchase. The locality was refined—pleasant people were all about them, and they soon had a circle of most desirable acquaintances.

One day Mr. Lambert received a statement from an insurance company notifying him that the interest was due on the mortgage on his house.

"Why, the idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Lambert. "They must have mixed us up with some poor person who has had to mortgage his home."

"I'll just call around and see Mr. McKenna," said Mr. Lambert. He did. Mr. McKenna received him cordially.

"Here's an odd thing, McKenna. This came this morning addressed to me." And he produced the notification about interest.

"Yes?" Said Mr. McKenna, inquiringly, having read the letter with a polite show of interest.

"But I haven't placed any mortgage on that property," said Mr. Lambert.

Mr McKenna yawned. A great light dawned upon Mr. Lambert. He looked Mr. McKenna in the eye and inquired pointedly:

"See here, McKenna, when my wife bought that property d'd you tell her there was a mortgage on it?"

"She didn't ask me," replied Mr. McKenna.

Although Mr. Lambert is a Southerner he managed to restrain himself, after making one or two forcible remarks.

"Well, McKenna, what are you going to do about it?"

"If Nothing. You've got the house and lot, and a deed, haven't you? I answered all your wife's questions. She was more than twenty-one, wasn't she?"

"Ah, Mr. McKenna, at last I have made your acquaintance. Very well, I'll see what I can do. Good day, Mr. McKenna."

Wanted—Negro Tenants Only.

The Lamberts gave no sign either of their indignation or of what action they would take, except that they quietly packed up and moved back to Washington. It is now known that their first desire was for revenge. Being a Southerner Mr. Lambert instantly perceived how he could best get even with Mr. McKenna, while perhaps inspiring him with a desire to do what the Lamberts considered was due them—to pay off himself that mortgage which he had said nothing about to Mrs. Lambert.

The first thing Mr. Lambert did on reaching Washington was to lease the handsome Long Branch cottage on the "swellest" avenue to "Jim" Barron, a negro ex-caterer of that city, now a follower of the races. It is strongly stipulated in the contract that Barron must occupy the house himself and conduct it as a boarding house for negroes only. The colored man at once took possession and when he tacked the sign "boarding" on the door of the handsome new house the revenge of Lambert began.

Mr. Lambert travelling in the West, Mrs. Lambert and the children living in hotel apartments at Washington, can guess of the success of their revenge only in part. By every mail, however, their mental darkness is illuminated as by a flash of lightning with letters from their late Morris avenue neighbors.

"How could you do such a barbarous thing? It doesn't bother the McKennas so much. At least they pretend they don't mind. You are punishing the whole neighborhood by this barbarous revenge. The Brooks, who had taken the house of McKenna, Jr., have gone back to the city a month sooner than they had intended. They said it was that or Bloomingdale. O, Mr. Lambert, how could you?"

Loud Wails from Their Neighbors.

So run the letters of the widow and spinster householders in the neighborhood. Those from the men who own property on and about Morris avenue are shorter, more direct, and would not be permitted to go through the mails did the Postmaster General know their contents.

But no answers come to the letters. C. S. Lambert still owns the house. "Jim" Barron, the ex-caterer and race track magnate, continues to occupy it. The sign "Boarding" still proclaims the mission of the house and the depth of Lambert's revenge.

"What can we do?" wail the neighbors. "What can we do?" they are answered, fervently and tantalizing as the raven's echo.

It is the young women of Morris avenue who complain most. It is so dreadfully embarrassing, you know, to have all those things happen when men call on you from the city. They are beautiful girls, those Morris avenue maidens, tall, with swan necks and haughty heads and eyes that flash when they glance at the Lambert cottage and the sign "Boarding," and the dusky boarders and their ebony callers.

Shocking for Morris Avenue Belles.

"O, Charles! Isn't it perfectly awful?" giggled the belle of Morris avenue, nestling against the shoulder of the Exchange place broker with the calm possessive air of the engaged.

From the Barron boarding house, known alternately at Long Branch as the Lambert spite cottage, came the joyous twang of a banjo.

"Way down in my heart," growled a basso.

"I've a feeling for you," chirped a soprano. Followed a laugh, the inimitable, lascivious African laugh, like oil gushing in man, continues to occupy it. The sign amiable spurts from the bung hole of a barrel.

"A feeling for you, for you." The clatter of bones joined the twang of the banjo, and all the boarders burst out with racial

"I'd go chicken stealing for you, stealing for you."

"The horrid creatures, mean us. You've no idea how observant they are. Let us go in."

The belle of Morris avenue springs angrily from the hammock and a second later the maid is closing all the front doors and windows with a bang not permitted to the young mistress, who is nevertheless peevish all evening.

"Those awful people in the Lambert cottage," she says. They have worn my nerves to rags. How could Mr. Lambert? And he seemed such a nice man, too! I must speak to papa about moving in the morning." And she does.

Are the Colored Neighbors Malicious

Either they are organizing a minstrel company, or a disbanded company is forgathering there, for the entire neighborhood is apprised of its jokes through the open windows of the Barron boarding house. There is less of youth and vigor in the jokes than in the laughter that follows them.

"Why is a horned toad like a jackass?"

"It ain't, you fool!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! He! He! Boy, Sam, if you don't stop saying them funny things I'll die right here and now, so I will."

But Sam pursued the phantom of mirth relentlessly.

"Why is a rat?"

"He! He!! m-m-m! Sam, stop that. I declare I'm a dead nigger, that's what!"

More of the gurgling, oily laughter. Windows bang and rattle in all the cottages in the block, but the joy at Jim Barron's boarding house waxes faster and more furious.

And the Cakewalk, Too!

They are shuffling, laughing and cavorting though a cake-walk to the time and tune with which Ada Walker charmed the King of England. Morris Avenuettes watch the lively silhouettes against the window shades. They are almost interested, though outwardly protesting. They withdraw at last in pale wrath, for they have seen all of the population of Belmont avenue, the negro quarter of Long Branch, crowding the sidewalk, clambering over the hedge and filling the lawn—an impromptu and delighted audience.

"Yow! yow! He! he! Give us another! Hurry up, you!"

Jim Barron's boarders are obliging. They open the windows wide, and out upon the o'clock-in-the-morning air and ringing to the ocean four blocks away roll the strains of "The Maid of Timbuctoo."

"She know a thing or two—ya-as she do, That maid of Timbuctoo."

The audience stamps the lawn, strikes its hands together in rhythmic chorus, and carries it to the stars:

"Oh, ya-as she do,
That maid of Timbuctoo."

Requisite That Is Not Pleasant.

Boarders and the audience from Belmont avenue look into the taunting, vaunting refrain,

"Dah darkey is a king,"

which the helpless householders of Morris avenue endure as a taunt and defiance to what the real estate agents' circulars call "one of the choicest and most aristocratic sections in Long Branch."

"We can throw bootjacks at 'em. It's against the law," groaned a Morris Avenuette with nostalgia, "but in what is left of the privacy of our homes we can curse Charlie Lambert," and he did, until his wife, who has a class in Sunday school, tearfully implored him, in her horror and religious zeal, with a pillow.

But sags out dances and jokes of dubious point, or no point at all, the unhappy Morris Avenuettes can bear with a measure of calm. It is the blithe and frequent *threats* of the children of Ethiopia that *cause them* to bolt their doors, and with *pale faces* and trembling hands write their agents:

"Sell *this* property at any price, but sell it soon."

Pleasantries that are common, and excite no *comment* on Belmont avenue, throw Morris avenue into a palsy of fright.

When a *dusky* male boarder at Jim Barron's *stra ts in* on sun bale boarder, "Bring that chair *here* this minute, *yo'* black nigger, or *I'll* cut yah heart out," the colored *swain* addressed only smiles and sets the chair *before* her Black Majesty with the bow of a courier. The speech sends white *women* to the camphor bottle and white *men to the* cellar. Which proves that the color *line is*, in part, a thing of nerves.

A crooning *ditty that* sins slavery days angured mild *festivity* to the minds of the black race throws *that* part of the white that dwells on Morris avenue into a woful panic.

And Nothing Can Be Done.

"Put your wages in your pocket," Jim Barron's boarders sing it in a doleful monotone, rocking back and forth before the windows, "and your hand on your nasse."

"O-O-O!" White, watching faces disappear from neighboring windows and frightened heads are buried in silk cushions to deafen the hearers to the sinister fun for the invitation.

"And obey yo'selves."

"We have protested and objected and consulted lawyers, but what good does it do?" say the neighbors of Jim Barron's boarders.

Mr. Lambert says, coolly, with a smile: "Thomas McKenna got the better of me by seven thousand dollars when he sold me this house. I can't get back at him in the courts, so I'm going about it in my own way."

Mr. McKenna says with a frown: "That's a custom in Washington, I believe. People who have vacant lots to sell put negro shanties on them to force their neighbors to buy them out. Mr. Lambert is from Washington, so this trick of his is neither brilliant nor original. The McKennas are Irish and you know that the Irish are good fighting stock. We won't give in."

Murderous Work of Russia's Forbidden "Dum-Dum" Bullets.

And the Almost Miraculous Recoveries from Wounds Made by Humane Little Japanese Bullets.

Photographs and Sketches on the Battlefields and in Field Hospitals Near Liao Yang.

This man was shot with a dum-dum bullet. Notice the awful internal wounds.

Shattered femur bone caused by a Russian explosive bullet

Explosive mushroom bullet entered below the ear and blew off the top of his head.

Fragments of bone picked out of a wound in the leg produced by the Russian dum-dum bullets

A CLAIM the deadly "dum-dum" bullet has appeared before only periodically, the times, but does not wear it. As an "invented" missile—for that little relic of civilization is not to be found in the arsenals of Europe—it is of comparatively recent date. It is a bullet with a head pierced, which explodes on entering a resisting body, ploughing a path through it, and scattering the fragments in the form of a man's arm or splitting open the body from chest to abdomen.

It was this barbarous, death-dealing bullet, the "dum-dum," that a dozen Christian nations repudiated with horror at the Hague Peace Congress and put it for suppression in the fighting machinery of any of the Christian nations that was modern in its construction. Japan has brought home to Russia the origins of the "dum-dum."

What a spectacle for the descendants of Christian crusaders to witness! Russia, the champion for peaceful ideas in theorizing at the international court of arbitration, the inventor of patented little steel bullets pacifying through the bodies of Russians as leaden pellets are to their foes and fighting again in a few days and "Christian" Russia adopting the unrestricted weapon more cruel than that with which barons of old game to the judges kill the tiger and the elephant.

And there is no doubt about it. The suspicion was born with outspoken bitterness. Then came the testimony of Japanese and Russian surgeons. Then, when the Japanese Government at Tokio and Minister Dr. Takahira, chief of Liao Yang lines, was evidence which changed that suspicion into fact.

In the abandoned fortress of Liao Yang the Japanese found what the Boers of South Africa found when they had driven the British from Dundee and Ladysmith—dum-dum bullets.

The Boers admitted to smuggle their ammunition into Japanese captured ammunition, and the Russians are more than the Boers. Russia is not a neutral power to fighting for her very life, but she is fighting for "humanity," but she will leave the dum-dum to the Christians.

HAVOC JAPS TINY BULLETS.

We have seen how quickly the Geneva Treaty got about its Peace Congress, of which he was the worst renowned promoter. Now we have it from the lips of Russian officers that they are not ashamed to own true to the dum-dum—though they describe it by more euphonistic language.

A captain serving in one of the Russian regiments of Liao Yang held a wide-awake correspondence with the enemy of great interest to both sides of the story. In commendatory of the Japs and we quoted in the following from the civilized standpoint. Said this officer:

We find the shrapnel-shell of the Japs far more than the tiny bullets they shower upon us. The enormous train we have astounding cases of wounds caused. The character of the latter surprises us, and so far the rapidity with which the soldier recovers each. It is hard to ask anyone as soldier if who has not personally seen it.

"Wounds caused by bullets which enter the chest and go out through the back are a frequent occurrence. The soldier soon recover rapidly. For instance, there was Private Kortoff, of the Third East Siberian rifles, who was shot at Wafangkow on June 15. The bullet entered his lungs. For less than two days blood was deserted in his saliva, but soon all symptoms had gone; the wounds were cauterized, and the brave warrior is himself once more and on the field of action as ever.

"Private Kulles had a hole made in his chest, but he has been about for some days. I forgot that he once had a wound of the same battalion, a private of the Fourth East Siberian Regiment named Rudoff, received a mild Japanese bullet which passed through one of his lungs and his diaphragm, injured his liver and went out of the spinal column, bringing such a wound as that! He was picked up, cared for and nursed, and is now by his way to Russia in to take a rest."

JUST HARMLESS PUNCTURES.

"Ulanovich is the name of a soldier of the Third East Siberian Rifles, who has had a wonderful escape. He was struck both eyes. While he was lying in the field-hospital at Wafangkow a bullet cut its way through his leather boots and the Russian leather, passed through his boots, penetrated the diaphragm and liver, glanced off the intestines and went out. Ulanovich was a fortnight under treatment and is now on the march once more.

"I am not in wonder at the submissive way in which our fellows suffer their wounds. Indeed, it is more. They regard them wounds which are certainly serious, but not fatal, as accidents. They often hit our men in the head, but when the bullets pass clean through none of the men get well with ordinary bandage treatment.

"Even when our men get Jap bullets through their abdomen they sometimes don't know it until after the battle is over. You know that a hot is the perforation is supposed almost infallibly to terminating not after battle and death, and yet we are discovering men who have received it that very fight and are now as well as ever."

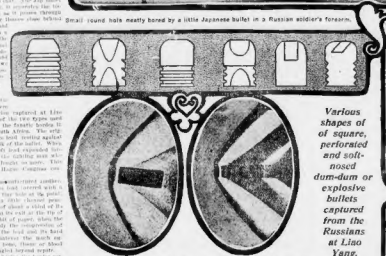
Here the patient Captain smiled reflectively and lit another cigarette.

"But I can tell you that whoever gets one of our leaden rubber in the abdomen or in the head has no more worries coming to him in this vale of tears. He's in the difference between our bullets and Japs'. The short muzzle of theirs is more compact, and the velocity is considerably greater than ours. The Japanese

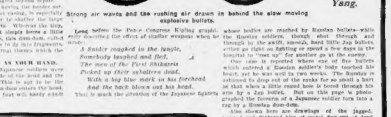
Russian ammunition cases containing Russian explosive bullets captured at Liao Yang.

Viscountess Uramatsu. Marquise Shichibun. Viscountess Tanba on the Imperial Household. Wife of Lieutenant-General Sakai.

Small round hole neatly bored by a little Japanese bullet in a Russian soldier's forearm.



Various shapes of square, perforated and soft-nosed dum-dum or explosive bullets captured from the Russians at Liao Yang.



Strong air waves and the rushing air drawn in behind the slow moving explosive bullets.

Long before the Peace Congress Kipling graphically described the effect of shelter wounds when he wrote:

A Soldier coughed in the jungle,
Somebody laughed and fled,
The men of the First Shikaree
Picked up their whalebone dead.

With a big blue mark on his forehead
And the back blown out his head.

That is much the attention of the Japanese fighters, whose bullets are reached by Russian bullets—while every dumdum bullet—through shot through and through by the swift, smooth, hard little Jap bullets, either go dead as fighting or spend a few days in the hospital to "rest up" for another go at the enemy.

One case is reported where one of Jap bullets which entered a Russian soldier's body reached his left leg, and there, after a journey of 18 inches, ceased to drop out of the socks for so small a hurt as that when a little round hole is bored through his arm by a Jap bullet. But on this page is photographed the forearm of a Japanese soldier torn into a rag by a Russian dum-dum.

Also shown here are drawings of the jagged, twisted and flattened bits of metal dug out of the Japs which were honored looking enough when they were in the bullet form. Also there are shown other pictures show how the comparatively slow moving Russian dum-dums carry with them deadly waves of compressed air, while the smooth Japanese bullets with a normal velocity of 2,500 feet per second split the atmosphere almost cleanly, carrying with them into the target only a tiny vacuum no larger than our own calibre.

EARLY SUSPICIONS OF RUSSIAN DUM-DUMS.

Long before the capture of Liao Yang enabled the Japanese to verify their suspicion that the Russians were using the next dum-dum, treasure at Tokio commanders over wounds dead in the streets of Yokohama, Japan, and in the hospitals of Japan upon which they looked at the bodies of their sisters.

Ever since this war began noble Japanese ladies, like Princess General Kuroki's army as nurses, have helped in dress these barbarous wounds. Viscountess Uramatsu, Marquise Shichibun, Viscountess Tanba of the Imperial household and wife of Lieutenant Sakai, Baroness Sonye, Baroness Hanabusa, Baroness Oyama, wife of Major-General Tsuchiyama, and the wife of Major-General Tsuchiyama, as they have dressed the sudden dying from gunshot wounds which—aroused a loud pencil. But it instantly expands with such force that the dust rather cone as though a charge of dynamite had exploded within it.

When this bullet enters the chest or abdomen of a soldier the wound of entrance is of the same leaden bullets; but where the bullet emerges with the jagged and expanded hole, accompanied by bits of clothing and pieces of shattered bone, the wound often admits a man's hand, and within the body of the victim the destruction done by the explosive missile sometimes occupies the whole space of the total organs.

Photograph of a Japanese soldier's forearm torn and mutilated by a Russian dum-dum bullet.

Diagram illustrating explosive bullets mushroom as soon as they enter the body and tear a cavalcade in the flesh.

Barb wire entanglements built by the Russians over dynamite to check the advancing Japanese troops, the entanglements keep them in while the mines explode.

Drawings of Russian explosive bullets extracted from Japanese wounds by Japanese surgeons on the field at Wafangkow.

Photograph showing gentle air waves produced by the small, high velocity Japanese bullets travelling 2,500 feet per second.

Fragments of bone picked out of a wound in the leg produced by the Russian explosive bullets.

Every one of these injuries is typical of the deadly effects of Russian bullets.

It is thought possible [illegible] the Russians resorted to the dum-dum because they had supposed that it was impossible to withstand the marvelously impetuous attacks of the Japanese. Now that Liao Yang it is evident that the dum-dum bullets made no difference in the hardened forbearance of the Japs in their close quarters.

Reports from the fighters of the various battles of the Russo-Japanese war have told of the terrible effects of the Russian bullets in their encounters with the Japanese. Many a Japanese soldier has been killed by the dum-dum bullet, which "mushrooms" after entering the human target.

Dr. Wm. Seaman Bainbridge, of 1 West 81st street, N. Y. [illegible] and who has had many years' experience as a surgeon in the army and navy, has written a book on the subject of bullet wounds, and has made a study of the effects of the various bullets. He says:

EVERY OPPONENT KILLED.

"The body of Japan began its series of attempts to [illegible] the dum-dum bullet, and the result has been that every Japanese soldier who has been struck by one of these bullets has succumbed after it was found to him. Other explosive bullets have been used by the Japanese, and often the wounded spirited only by their overwhelming fatigue. When the Japanese were storming the Russian [illegible] in the early days of the battle of the fortified city, the regiments which "mushrooms" after entering the human target. Dr. Bainbridge says:

"Many of the leading surgeons of Germany, who are in the German army surgeons, were present at the battle of Liao Yang, and many of them have written books on the subject. Some of these books have been translated into English, and many of the surgeons who were present at the battle of Liao Yang, and many of the surgeons who were present at the battle of Liao Yang, and many of the surgeons who were present at the battle of Liao Yang

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How Love Put Yale's Great Foot Ball Hero and the Hero's Adoring Bride BOTH IN JAIL.

Most Remarkable Double Love-Tragedy of Harry Batchelder, the Famous Yale Full-Back, and His Pretty Fiancee, Who Became a Thief to Keep Her Hero in College.

The Picturesque Berks County Jail, Where Batchelder is Imprisoned.

HERE are two young people who certainly have loved not wisely but too well.

One of them—a frail, delicate girl of not more than twenty years of age—has dared to brave for the man she loved the bars of a prison cell. For him she has robbed and foiled, suffered and sinned.

And the man—a great American athlete, a champion of the football world, famous for his iron muscles and intrepid courage—has in his turn, for love of the woman who so sacrificed herself, become a convicted felon, sentenced to serve six months in a Pennsylvania county jail.

Four months ago, overmastered by all-powerful love, the man, known as Henry S. Batchelder, giant guard of the Yale eleven, mighty rival of Princeton's famous captain, John R. De Witt, and of Harvard's "Grand Old Man," Andy Marshall, started the community by announcing his marriage to pretty, black-eyed May Cassidy.

The news was a nine days' wonder, for it meant a law course interrupted just as Jean Batchelder was about to enter upon his last term at Old Eli, with every prospect of graduating with honors.

"Why didn't he wait?" every one asked. "Why?"

And on top of the question followed a new thunderbolt, one of terrible and irremediable blackness.

The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Batchelder had been interrupted by the arrest of the bride on a charge of embezzlement.

To keep the man she loved at college, she had stolen without his knowledge, systematically, persistently, till, when discovered, the shortage in her accounts amounted to $2,500.

She was released on bail, pending trial. Any moment she might be torn from the side of her husband. Think of the horror of it! And to him alone, of all the world, she then confessed that it was because of her love for him that she had sinned.

Batchelder, a gentleman by birth and education, immediately did the only thing that presented itself. He had only a few dollars that he could call his own. He plunged into work with one desperate idea—enough money must be earned to effect a settlement. At any cost he must save his wife and arrange a compromise with the firm that accused her.

In trying to accomplish this, in a frenzied effort to build up a fortune in a few months, Harry Batchelder himself has become a criminal, a convict behind prison bars.

The story of the great football player and his wife is a warning to all those who become blind through love.

LOVE'S BEGINNING.

Their courtship began at one of the Yale-Princeton ball games. May Cassidy, of Reading, Pa., was on one of the grand stands watching intently the splendid figure of the big guard of the Yale eleven. A giant among giants he was, standing over six feet and weighing some 225 pounds.

Into the midst of the most vicious scrimmage he plunged without a second's hesitation. For a moment the air was fraught with breathless tension, and then suddenly there burst forth the "'rah, 'rah, 'rah," of a hundred throats.

The hero of the great game had disentangled himself with amazing dexterity from a mass of giant bodies that seemed as though they must bear him down, and was mopping his brow for another round.

He raised his eyes and gained, he says, new incentive to lead his team to victory from a pair of flashing black eyes. As he looked toward her the girl sprang to her feet and waved a Yale flag high above her head.

At the end of the game, as the cheering crowds swept down from the grand stand, Batchelder, in a burst of wild exultation, seized the girl and bore her aloft above his head.

This event marked the second meeting between Harry Batchelder and the girl who was destined to be his wife. They had been introduced some time before at Atlantic City. The spark of love had been kindled there, but on the great ball field it burst into flame.

To shine in May Cassidy's eyes became the giant's ambition.

He went back to his law studies, carrying with him the memory of a sweet voice, a pair of heavenly eyes, a mass of midnight hair.

Mrs. Harry Batchelder, Who Stole to Keep Her Football Hero in College.

From that time his courtship of May Cassidy sped apace. To her he confided everything.

"You are a hero, my hero, the college hero," she said to him one day. "Yet you are not happy. What is wrong?"

"Everything," he burst out impulsively. "I am in debt, I, the hero, as you call me."

"In debt?"

"Yes, I shall have to give up my law course, leave college and lend in no more of its ball games" —

The big fellow almost broke down. So did the girl at his side.

"Worse still," he went on, "it is my stepfather's money I have spent. He will never forgive me if I do not keep on with my law course."

"Nor will I," cried the girl. "You must keep on for my sake and for your own. I have some money," she faltered; "I will lend it to you—yes, now don't protest. Are we not to be married? It is my right and some day you can return it to me."

In Reading, Pa., May Cassidy was well known and highly respected. The store of Berg Brothers trusted her implicitly. She was their cashier and bookkeeper, with every temptation at hand.

Day after day the little woman went to work there, dreaming only of how she could help the splendid college hero who loved her so. Help him she must. She believed this to be her absolute and entire duty. But how? How?

From the solemn columns of figures that she added up hour after hour his face looked out. She saw him, now grave, now wan, now simpler, and now sad, now pleading, now despondent, now desperate.

"He must go through college—he must—he must"——

Suddenly like a flash she as seized with an inspiration, such an inspiration as has tempted many a cashier of the stronger sex before her. She would borrow the money from her firm, and some day, any day, possibly, she might be able to return it. She couldn't ask for it—that was impossible. She would take it, and—well, let the future look out for itself.

A THIEF FOR LOVE.

It was hard the first time. Indeed, her knees trembled so that she could scarcely walk. She was taking one of the firm's checks to the bank for $100, but she intended to deposit one-half and she had decided to borrow the other half. The second time she had a check to deposit borrowing the third still simpler.

After all, it was only borrowing.

But for the time being she must make deposits, which the firm never saw; the other containing figures she entered to correspond with her books. The last bank book was for the inspection of the firm.

Then for months the little cashier toiled and schemed and robbed for the man she loved. Over and over she said to herself, "All will be well when once he graduates."

But meanwhile all was not well. Batchelder became very ill as a result of straining received in overthrowing Harvard's "Grand Old Man" and Princeton's famous captain.

In Reading Miss Cassidy heard that her hero was ill. She dropped everything—her accounts and her bank book, and flew to him at the Yale infirmary. There she sat guilty. It will break my husband's heart," helped nurse him back to health, and almost

Fullback Batchelder, Who Is in Jail Because He Opened a Gambling House to Raise Money to Get His Foolish Bride Out of Her Trouble.

"At the end of the game, as the cheering crowds swept down from the grandstand, Batchelder, in a burst of wild exultation, seized the girl and bore her aloft above his head."

soon as he was able he got leave to accompany her back to her native city.

From there, at the end of May of this year, came the news that the great athlete, member of the well known Batchelder family of Waterbury, Conn., had eloped with the pretty little May Cassidy, cashier for a big dry goods firm.

Well, he had done it for love and people everywhere acclaimed him good luck. He was twenty-four and his bride twenty. They had everything to make them happy apparently but a fortune, and to attain that the young law student became proprietor of a cigar store in Reading, Pa.

With feverish intensity he set to work to make money—when suddenly like a thunderbolt from out a clear sky public dishonor fell upon the young man's home.

The first month of their honeymoon was scarcely gone when the wife for whom Batchelder had abandoned his law studies was arrested and charged with embezzlement by the firm that employed her. A day of reckoning had come. Her accounts had been looked into and found to be short some $2,500.

When disgrace threatened her she had confessed to the football champion how she had found the money for his college career, and he had gone to work to help her return it.

Aloud she said only, "Yes, it is true; I stole it to you—yes, now don't protest. Are we not to be married? It is my right and some day you can return it to me."

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And for a time every one thought it would. "I don't care for myself," he said continually, "but for her it is terrible. I must save her. I must—I must."

After obtaining bondsmen for her appearance in court when the time for her trial should come he went feverishly to work. Early and late he was at his cigar store.

"I will save you yet," he would say over and over to his unhappy wife. I have until September. Somehow I will earn enough money to make a settlement with your employers. Trust me and do not give up courage.

Frequently at night he would walk the floor as though sleep were impossible.

"There must be a way out of it," his wife would hear him murmur over and over to himself.

"There must be some way to make a large sum of money in a few weeks."

As the weeks went on he remained at his cigar store later and later, and his wife noticed that he slept less and less, as though the weight of her coming trial were pressing upon him more and more. His face seemed to grow old and livid. At one minute he would shudder as though dreamhorror of her impending doom; the next he would cry out, "A little luck and all will yet be well!"

But, alas, the luck never came. One night when his depression seemed to be greater than a human being could bear his wife broke forth into bitter reproaches against herself.

"It is my frailty," she cried, "that has brought you to this. You, the soul of honor and integrity, can never understand how I could for one minute have swerved from the path of rectitude. You cannot understand how anything could tempt me"—

"Don't be so sure," he cried out suddenly.

Then he stopped short, and not until some days later did she dream how great, indeed, had been the temptation of love to the once famous athlete.

They had not been married four months when Harry Batchelder was arrested on the charge of keeping a gambling house in the rear of his cigar store. There card playing had gone on for money night after night. There over the card tables, night after night, the bridegroom had stood praying for luck, the luck to win at cards so that he might have money to save her he loved.

A GAMBLER FOR LOVE.

The luck that he prayed for never came. With feverish intensity he would watch the throws, dealing himself at the head of the table—the banker, who, they say, always comes out ahead at the end. This one struggled fiercely, selling tobacco by day, dealing out cigars and cigarettes over the counter, counting the pennies and hoarding them, waiting for night to fall, so that he might turn the pennies into dollars.

No one who has not been tempted by love can realize just the temptation of this young husband. His failure to reap a harvest meant the branding of his wife as a criminal. With money he was certain he could secure her release.

They said there was some plan for a grand play in his head when he was arrested by order of the District-Attorney. The time for his wife's trial was close at hand. He had such a look on his face as the men who had watched him on the ball field making a sudden plunge for victory had often seen there.

But this time he was not, as in the old days, master of his game.

"Ah, my poor wife!" he cried when they arrested him. "Even my love could not save her. It is only for her that I grieve; only for my dear little wife."

While he was before a Judge in one part of the Court House she was on trial in another. Her interest in her own case was gone. "I am so sorry for Harry, who loved me so," she cried. I don't care so much for myself."

But the wars of justice are not tempered by love. The young husband was sentenced to serve six months in the Berks County Jail.

Mrs. Batchelder was waiting with clinched hands and blanched cheeks for the first news of the verdict. When she heard it she cried out, "That settles it; I refuse to be free until he is. I plead guilty to the charges against me."

They are convicted criminals, both of them—criminals for love—and neither seems to realize that they have thus corrupted the noblest passion in all the world.

How Lovers' Quarrels Can Be Mended.

SELFISHNESS under one form or another lies at the root of most quarrels in this world, whether between lovers or other people. Jealousy, that common result of self-seeking, always suspicious and upon the alert to exact its dues to the uttermost farthing, is a fruitful source of dissension.

Jack is persecuted, not to say indignant, because Lucy has, in his opinion, danced too often with another man; nay, worse, she has praised the man's step; and Jack, conscious of his own shortcomings as a disciple of Terpsichore, feels himself aggrieved, and accuses Lucy of flirting.

Jack looks upon the accusation as wholly undeserved, and repels it with energy, perhaps with temper.

Jack repeats it more strongly, and before either of them quite knows it self-control is thrown aside, and the lovers are completely estranged.

Or, on the other hand, Lucy thinks Jack has been too attentive to the pretty girl who is visiting his sister, and says so, simple, showing her pique plainly, even sharply.

Jack denies the charge, and the indignation with which he does it only serves to strengthen Lucy's conviction of his duplicity. It is all in vain that he tries to make her understand that common courtesy demands he shall show a certain amount of civility to a friend's guests.

Lucy refuses to listen to his explanations, until at last Jack says something that stings the quick, and the gulf in their life is effected.

Perhaps it may yet be mended. There is a popular fallacy that lovers' quarrels go to strengthen love rather than weaken it, and that one of the greatest pleasures of courtship is to differ in order to "kiss and be friends" afterwards. But there are people who never forget and rarely forgive.

A mended cup may be strong if the ointment used is good, but it is not often sightly. Thus a wound rarely fails to leave a scar which may sting and burn for years after the hurt has apparently healed. Nor is it often easy to mistake the scar for a

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How Millionaire Phipps Has Settled It!

MRS. PHIPPS WINS EVERYTHING IN THE FINAL CHAPTER OF A REMARKABLE DOMESTIC MELODRAMA.

(The Peculiar Terms of Agreement.)

1. Lawrence C. Phipps and Genevieve Chandler Phipps, his wife, agree to a provisional separation for the period of one year.

2. At the conclusion of this period of one year, if agreeable to both parties, their marital relations may be resumed.

3. If, during the said period of one year, Mr. Phipps decides to pursue his pending suit for divorce, Mrs. Phipps agrees to make no contest of the suit, provided no allegation of infidelity is made.

4. It is also agreed that the articles of agreement this day signed shall be binding upon Mr. Phipps in the event of a decree of divorce in his favor, no matter what stipulations may or may not be ordered by the Court.

5. It is mutually agreed, and expressly stipulated, that if, in the event of an absolute divorce, Mrs. Phipps ever marries Dr. Thomas Gallagher, she shall relinquish the entire fortune which came to her through Lawrence C. Phipps.

6. Mr. Phipps agrees to immediately place in escrow $5,000,000 in Government bonds and any other securities necessary to yield an aggregate income of $400,000 annually, which shall be paid to Mrs. Phipps during the year of the provisional separation, and thereafter provided she does not marry.

7. It is further stipulated that in the event of an absolute divorce and Mrs. Phipps's subsequent marriage, the amount placed in escrow will revert to the children.

8. Mrs. Phipps agrees, for the cash consideration of $500,000, to surrender to Mr. Phipps her title to the Denver and Pittsburg residences; also all bonds of the United States Steel Corporation, and other securities held by her.

9. Respecting the children, Dorothy and Helen, it is mutually agreed that their legal residence shall be that of Mr. Phipps, and that they shall be in his custody for six months of each year.

10. It is further agreed that during six months of each year the children shall be in their mother's custody, and that during two months of that period they shall be allowed to travel with her; but it is expressly agreed and understood that neither party shall take the children out of the United States, except by the written consent of the other.

11. The parties hereto agree that when the children are at school their vacations are to be divided equally between them, and that when they are in the custody of either party the other is to have free access to them at all reasonable times.

12. It is further agreed that the children shall spend their Christmas holidays alternately with their father and mother, to wit: They shall be with their mother during the forthcoming Christmas holidays of 1904.

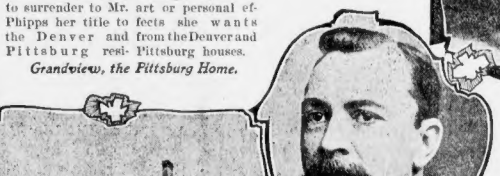
13. Mrs. Phipps expressly stipulates, and Mr. Phipps agrees, that the nurses who assisted in the abduction shall not have charge of the children while they are in their mother's custody.

14. It is agreed that Mrs. Phipps shall have all her wedding presents and any other furnishings, objects of art or personal effects she wants from the Denver and Pittsburg houses.

Grandview, the Pittsburg Home.

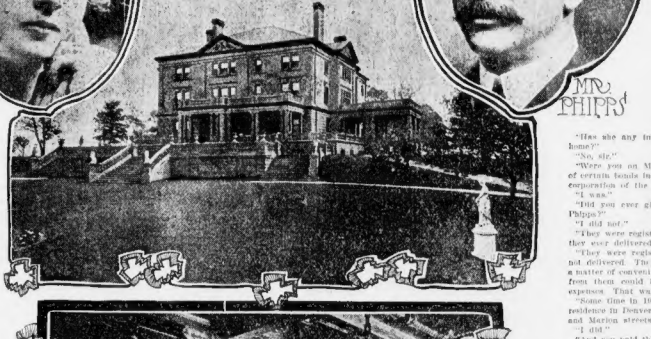
MRS. PHIPPS

Miss Dorothy Phipps, the Oldest Daughter.



MR. PHIPPS

Little Miss Helen Phipps, the Baby.



The Phipps Home in Denver.

Dining Room in the Denver Home Where Mr. Phipps Will Dine in Solemn Loneliness Six Months of Every Year.

Denver, Sept. 22.

READERS of the newspapers will remember the spectacular publicity with which Mr. Lawrence C. Phipps, multi-millionaire of Pittsburg and Denver, exploited his matrimonial differences last June. With detectives and bribed nurses, automobiles and special trains, Mr. Phipps suddenly appeared on the horizon and kidnapped his two little daughters from the Hotel Netherland, where they were stopping with their mother in New York. The desperate but futile resistance of Mrs. Phipps, her pursuit to the railroad station in Jersey City, the struggle to regain the children in the car and the hasty flight of the husband's party across the country to Denver, were all told in the news columns four months ago.

No sooner had the millionaire safely locked up his children under detective guard here in his Denver home than he filed a petition for divorce, alleging various misconducts on the part of his wife, and, indeed, virtually stripping her of all reputation and pointing out her dangerous unfitness for the control and custody of the young children. Especially did Mr. Phipps beg the court to consider the wretched influence such a mother would have over growing daughters, and he petitioned for the exclusive custody of the little ones. At the same time Mr. Phipps sought by injunction to tie up every cent of property belonging to his wife, and forbid her all rights and titles to either the Phipps residence at Pittsburg, or the magnificent new home in Denver.

A Dozen Lawyers in the Fight.

A dozen of the best lawyers in the country were engaged on one side or the other of the case, and Mrs. Phipps, hot with indignation, declared that she would fight to protect her good name and reputation, and while she was quite willing never to live with Mr. Phipps again she would insist to the end that she should have the custody of the children at least six months out of every year.

From the filing of the suit for divorce in the Denver courts early in June a most remarkable series of conferences, interviews, negotiations and councils have been going on day after day until at last, last week, Mr. Phipps and his wife came to a final agreement and adjustment of their family troubles. Elsewhere on this page is printed the summary of the fourteen articles of agreement finally accepted and signed by Mr. Phipps and his wife.

As soon as these articles of agreement had been formally signed Mr. Phipps instructed his lawyers to go on with the divorce suit, dropping out every one of the allegations against his wife's character, and yielding completely as to the sharing of the custody of the children, and, indeed, agreeing to every demand Mrs. Phipps had insisted upon from the very first.

Last Thursday afternoon Mr. Phipps appeared in court here before Judge Palmer, accompanied by three lawyers. Gerald Hughes, his leading counsel, motioned his client to the witness stand and said:

"Mr. Phipps, please state your full name."

"Lawrence Cowle Phipps" (special emphasis being placed on the "Cowle," some of the legal papers containing the word "Cowles").

"What is your age?"

"Forty-two years."

"Please state whether or not prior to June 4, 1904, this year, you resided in and was a bona-fide resident of the city and county of Denver, the State."

"I have."

"I will ask you if on April 22, 1897, at Sharon, Pa., you were married to Genevieve Chandler Phipps, defendant in this action."

"I was."

"I will ask you if Dorothy C. Phipps was born on December 29, 1898, and Helen Phipps on September 30, 1900, as a result of that union?"

"They were."

"I will ask you if there are any other children?"

"Not by that marriage."

"Prior to the filing of the complaint in this case—June 6, 1904—had the defendant for more than one year preceding that date deserted you as your wife and failed to live with you and cohabit with you as your wife and manifested any intention to desert you?"

"That is a fact. She declared such to be her intention."

"Has there been any agreement or collusion between the parties to this suit for instituting it?"

"None whatever."

"Concerning the residence in Pittsburg, your residence, did you buy it in 1900 for the use of yourself and family?"

"I did."

"Who paid for that residence?"

"I did."

"Did Mrs. Phipps contribute to the purchase of that place?"

"No."

"Why was it placed in her name?"

"As a matter of convenience principally."

"Has she any interest whatever in that home?"

"No, sir."

"Were you on May 11, 1901, the owner of certain bonds in the United States Steel corporation of the par value of $500,000?"

"I was."

"Did you ever give those bonds to Mrs. Phipps?"

"I did not."

"They were registered in her name; were they ever delivered to her?"

"They were registered in her name, but not delivered. They were so registered as a matter of convenience, so that the revenue from them could be used for the family expenses. That was the understanding."

"Some time in 1901 you bought a family residence in Denver at the corner of Colfax and Marion streets?"

"I did."

"And you paid the full purchase price for that home yourself?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever give it to Mrs. Phipps or place it in her name?"

"It was placed in her name, yes."

"Why?"

"As a matter of convenience."

Mr. Hughes here brought his questions to a stop. "I think that's all, Your Honor," said he to the Court.

Mr. Gregg, counsel for Mrs. Phipps, said he had nothing for cross-examination, and then John Gibson McMurtry, of the Hall-Jack Paint, Oil and Glass Company, was called to the stand.

He gave his residence as No. 1671 Logan avenue. In response to questions from Mr. Hughes he said he had lived seven years in Denver, was a painter; he had known Mr. Phipps for six years.

"To your own knowledge," asked Mr. Hughes, "has Mr. Phipps been a bona fide resident of the city and county of Denver for more than one year prior to June of this year?"

"He has been."

"That is all."

There was no cross-examination. Mr. Hughes presented Judge Palmer with one written instruction to the effect that desertion consists in the wilful abandonment for more than one year of one party to the marital contract, without just cause and without the consent of the other.

The Judge selected a foreman for the jury and a verdict finding Mrs. Phipps guilty of desertion as charged was quickly signed. The jury was then excused and Judge Palmer was handed the decree, which he read rather carefully and then signed.

From the time the jury was sworn until the verdict was read by the clerk, just nine minutes and twenty seconds were consumed. The hearing started at 3:01 p. m., and the verdict came a few seconds after 3:10.

No reference whatever was made to the trial to the answer entered by Mr. Phipps to the complaint. This answer, prepared by Rogers, Shafroth & Gregg, makes a general denial of the charge of desertion. By order of the court the answer was sealed with the rest of the papers in the sensational suit.

The Wife's Complete Triumph.

Thus ends the last chapter of the Phipps marital troubles, which began with such spectacular excitement four months ago. Mrs. Phipps is at this moment in Pittsburg with her children, is richly provided for financially, and has beaten her husband on every point.

Remembering on the agreement, Mrs. Phipps said, before leaving Denver:

"I am to have possession of the children half of each year. That is all I asked with respect to the children. I want them to be with their father and elder brother and sister part of the time, for they have all been very fond of one another.

"The Denver and Pittsburg residences were in my name. I shall surrender them, but in doing so I receive $500,000. It is no more than fair to Mr. Phipps for me to say that money matters have not stood between us in coming to this understanding. I have all the money I need, and Mr. Phipps has been very generous.

"We have agreed that a separation is necessary, but there will be no sensational divorce."

While the enemy was making this complete surrender Mrs. Phipps's rooms at the hotel bore the plainest evidence that they were inhabited by a happy mother and her equally happy children.

That Mrs. Phipps, the heroine, can be generous, even amiable, in her triumph, was made apparent the day after the great battle in an unexpected, really extraordinary scene in her rooms at the Denver hotel where, with her children beside her, she had awaited the outcome.

Mr. Phipps, the kidnapper of those children, who had named two prominent men in his suit for absolute divorce, called at the hotel, was received amiably by his wife, accepted her invitation to dinner and spent a pleasant evening with her and the children.

The Two Black-Listed Nurses, Who Betrayed Mrs. Phipps.